February 1, 2025

The Spoils of War

In lands where shadows cast their pall,

Where echoes of the battles call,

The spoils of war, both great and small,

Tell tales of triumph, rise, and fall.

Amidst the fields where soldiers tread,

Where blood and tears and dreams are shed,

The victors claim their prize and thread,

A path where ancient stories spread.

The golden crowns and jeweled rings,

The treasures fit for mighty kings,

Are taken from the fallen wings,

Of empires lost, of broken strings.

Yet spoils of war are more than gold,

They're stories of the brave and bold,

Of lives that fought, of hearts that sold,

Their dreams for freedom, tales retold.

The banners torn, the swords now still,

The echoes of the battle's thrill,

Are carried forth by those who will,

Remember all, the good and ill.

For in the spoils, the lessons lie,

Of valor's shout and sorrow's sigh,

Of fleeting glories, reaching high,

And shadows cast beneath the sky.

So let us heed the tales they tell,

Of battles fought, of heroes fell,

And in their memory, we dwell,

To honor those who fought so well.

In lands where shadows cast their pall,

Where echoes of the battles call,

The spoils of war, both great and small,

Remind us of the rise and fall.